

SOME
A C C O U N T
OF THE
L I F E A N D D E A T H
O F

Miss SUSANNA TURNER,

(Who departed this World July 14, 1672, aged 14.)

Written by her Mother,

Mrs. DOROTHY TURNER.

Taken from a Manuscript found amongst the Papers of her late Grandson, RICHARD TURNER, of Hatton Garden, Esq. and attested, under his own Hand, to be Genuine.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED

Some Extracts from the LETTERS of Mr. NEWTON
to Mrs. TURNER,

AND

From Two POEMS written by Mrs. TURNER.

Those that seek me early, shall find me.

Prov. viii. 17.

L O N D O N:

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MDCLXXIV.

P R E F A C E.

“REMEMBER thy Creator in
“ the days of thy youth,” is
an injunction which demands serious
attention ; and the blessed effects of
attending to it are now presented to
you in the lovely example of Miss
Sufanna Turner. It is much to be
lamented, that the generality of peo-
ple act in a manner quite the reverse ;
they think it too great a sacrifice, to
dedicate their blooming years to reli-
gious pursuits : but how injurious to
their own happiness is such a con-
duct, as well as highly ungratefull
to their blessed Redeemer ! who for
our sakes willingly left the throne of
glory ; though rich, became poor,
A 2 that

that we through his poverty might be made rich ; sacrificing ease and rest, and every desirable blessing, to man ; loving us to death, even the death of the cross. May we surrender ourselves to his grace and mild government ! and we shall experience the blessedness of being his purchase, and prove that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace ; or, in other words, that His yoke is easy, and His burthen light.

ATTESTATION of Mr. RICH^d. TURNER,

Prefixed to the M.S. from whence the following Account is taken.

N.B. *All this Book is the Writing of Dorothy Turner, who was Daughter of Sir Nicholas Martin, of Exeter, and married Richard Turner, Esq. of Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, the 8th of August, 1644. She died the 24th of February, 1689-90, Æt. 65. He died the 20th of May, 1676, Æt. 66.—The above two good Persons were Grandfather and Grandmother to me,*

RICHARD TURNER,

Now living in Hatton Garden, London,

Anno 1760.

S O M E
A C C O U N T
O F

Miss *Susanna Turner*, &c.

THE 14th of July, 1692, my dear Sue departed this life, a little before fix in the morning, on the Lord's day, at Edward Mefer's, near the Grove at Tunbridge Wells; whose gracious life, and happy death, the Lord grant I may endeavour to follow! Never had any parents more real grounds of comfort in so sharp a trial, she leaving strong evidences of her eternal well-being to bear us up from sinking; for which I desire, as long as I live, to bless the Lord.

Her illness was long and tedious; yet she was never heard to speak one repining or murmuring word: she would say, "Lord, if it be *thy* will, "let it be so, or so; but, if not, thy will be done." Her submission to the will of God in all conditions was exceedingly great; as great, certainly, as could be attained by any in this life. Upon her parents sending for another physician besides her own,

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she said, “ I know my own doctor would do the
 “ best he could for me; but God hath hid my
 “ distemper from him, and I am content: it is a
 “ cup in the hand of a gracious Father; those
 “ whom he loves, he chastens and rebukes.”

Her poverty of spirit was very great; and she was exceedingly broken in the sense of her own unworthiness, acknowledging all she received to be wholly from the *free Grace* and *Mercy* of God; and even the most ordinary expressions of love that she received from any, even the meanest of those about her, would cause her often to say, “ What
 “ am I—what have I done—that these should be
 “ so kind to me? I have never deserved it; it is
 “ only the mercy and goodness of God to me, that
 “ causes my friends thus to respect and do for
 “ me.” How passionately would she mourn for sin! how much time would she say she had lost!
 “ O how much hath God done for me in my
 “ education from a child! how many good ser-
 “ mons have I heard, and how little have I
 “ remembered and practised them! How many
 “ mercies, corrections, and afflictions, have I had!” Surely, she would add, if God were to damn her, he were but just and righteous. In uttering these words, her heart seemed to melt and dissolve, and she would pour out tears in abundance.

Her faith was bottomed on a sure foundation: she knew herself to be a poor worthless creature, all over like a filthy leper, full of sores from
 from

from head to foot; but her trust was only in the free mercy of God, through Christ; he had made many gracious promises to poor sinners; he had been *free* in making them, and he would be *faithful* in keeping them, she made no doubt: and upon this she desired to stay her soul. She was exceeding willing to take Christ upon his own terms, heartily loving his person, his holy nature, and all those heavenly graces with which he is beautified, rendering him most desirable to her; and being asked whether she could not like him better if he were not so precise, and exactly holy, she cried out, with great abhorrence of such a thought, “O! no, no:” and being asked again if she found her heart inflamed with such a desire of Christ, that she could forsake all to cleave to him, and to commit her soul into his hands to be saved by the sole virtue of his blood, she chearfully and readily gave her assent.

Her sincerity and plainness in all her ways, both to God and man, was very obvious, being but of few words, but earnest in doing what she believed was pleasing to God; employing her time in her closet daily, praying with her little sister there both morn and even; and at other times writing out sermons she had heard, and prayers. When she worked, she would do it diligently, hating idleness. How did she excel in humility! and tho’ in her apparel she always loved neatness, yet she hated pride, and in her sickness warned her sisters against the

fin of curiosity in dressing: said she, " Have a care:
 " the devil will persuade you this curl is not stuck
 " right, and must be new done; and this pin is
 " not well; till he hath drawn you to while away
 " that time you should devote to God."

She was very charitable to the poor, and tender to them. She was of a most meek and quiet spirit; and if she thought any took any thing ill of her, she could not rest till she had thoroughly informed them she intended them none. She was very dutiful and affectionate to her parents, always carrying herself so to them, as might render her most acceptable. Since her illness she prayed her mother to forgive and pardon her, with many tears, saying she had been a most rebellious child to her; which her mother could not at all remember: but she cried, " You have forgot, but I have not; it has
 " cost me many a tear that you never knew. You
 " would, about a year and a half since, have had
 " me put on something to keep me warmer, and
 " I would not, though you were earnest with me
 " to do it; but you do not know what it hath
 " cost me, and how much it hath troubled me
 " ever since; and now I beg your forgiveness:" which being granted, she seemed very well satisfied.

Her tender love to all her relations did also much appear in her kind deportment to them, but especially in her earnest suits to God for them, that God would keep them from the vanities of youth,
 and

and give them grace that she might meet them again in heaven. About this she would enlarge with many tears, a long time together.

Her love to God was vehement, heartily bewailing that she had done no more to glorify him, and that she had been no more exemplary to others, that so God might have had the more honour from them.

Her weanedness from the world was admirable in one so young: she would say she was never born for this world, never tasting that delight in it that she had observed others did: ‘Nay,’ said she, ‘when I have been in merry company, and have most put forth myself, because I would not be troublesome, I have never found that inward sweetness that I have seen others have in it. One sober visit to some good and grave person hath done me a hundred times more good.— And,’ said she, ‘when I have been apt, at any time, to be a little merry with young people, I have had some secret whispers upon my heart, saying to me, “What are you about now?” which checked me; and sometimes I have apprehended that some young people have not cared much for my company, because I could not so readily follow them, because of my weakness: and then I have thought I have had something within me to say, “Come, you see they do not care for your company; take the more delight
“ in

“ in mine, and solace yourself the more with me:” Which hath much satisfied her.

She often warned her near relations to beware of the pleasures of this vain world, saying it would be bitterness in the end. During her illness she often refreshed her heart with the xlth of Isaiah, but especially the 1st verse: “ Comfort ye my people, “ speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and say to “ her, that her warfare is accomplished, and her “ sin is pardoned:” and also that verse where Christ promiseth to carry his lambs in his bosom.

The afternoon before she died, being abroad in the coach, and coming home very ill, she fell into prayer to God, that he would be gracious to her in pardoning her sin, in assuring her of his favor, and accepting her in Christ; and that he would be *her* God. “ But, Lord,” said she, “ who am I, “ a poor unworthy wretch, that I should make “ such a great request to thee?” Then did she recall the time she had lost, the little glory she had brought to God, much bewailing her little growth under all the means she had had: upon which the devil, knowing his time to be short, set upon her with his fiery assaults; which made her cry out with tears in this manner: “ O if, after all that God “ hath done for me, I should be damned at last!” Upon which her friends reminded her that all, even the best that were saved, were not saved by their own merit, but by free grace. She replied, that that made against her; for the more *free* God was in

his grace, the more obligation had she by it to love and serve him. She was then earnestly persuaded not to give way to Satan's temptations, but to remember whereon she had formerly grounded her faith, and still to keep to that which would not fail her.—She soon begun to speak chearfully, and said “ O mother, the devil would fain shake my “ hold!” and turning to her brothers and sisters, who were in the coach with her, exhorted them to beware of being ensnared by the world, and the vain delights thereof; persuading them vehemently to the service of God: upon which raising herself towards them, she shewed them her hand, bidding them *Look upon it*; and she with great earnestness repeated the words, *Look upon it*, saying it was a clod of clay and worm's meat, and such ere long *they* must be. Said she, “ We are all but as a “ number of candles lighted up; and one goes out “ before the other, but at last all go out.—O “ that you would all fear God, that I might meet “ you again in heaven!” and bursting into tears, said, “ O what a joyful meeting will that be to “ me!”

Soon after her return home, her father came in from a journey: she rose up chearfully from her chair—“ Dear father, how do you after your journey?” He answered, “ Very weary.”—She turned to her mother, and said, “ My father says he hath “ been a long journey, and is very weary—I have “ a longer to go, and am almost tired already.”

She

She seemed not concerned thereat, but sat down to supper with the rest, eating heartily a mess of jelly broth, and a crust of bread. After supper, she leaned her arms on the table, and laid down her head upon them; when, fearing she should fall asleep there, she was desired to go to her chamber: as she was carrying up stairs; her head fell back, and she went into a fit; but means being used to get her out of it, she coming to herself, much admired where she was, saying, “Am I in this world still?” Being in bed, she complained very much of want of breath, and grew very restless: then did she take leave of her relations, severally, bidding them farewell, and prayed God to send them all a good voyage to heaven: then did she ask what day it was on the morrow? and being told it was the sabbath-day, said she, “To morrow shall I be “singing my hallelujahs in heaven, and begin my “eternal sabbath there.”

However, in a short time after, being in great extremity, she cried out, “My God! my God! “why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far “from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?” Being persuaded by her mother to try if she could get a little rest, “Well”, said she, “I will try;” and lying down, said, “Lord! not for my “own sake, but for the satisfaction of my dear “friends about me, if it be thy will, let me have a “little rest.” But being not able to lie long, she desired her mother to pray with her, which she did; after

which she was heard to say, “ I have trusted in
 “ thy mercy; my heart *shall* rejoice in *thy* salvation.
 “ Lord, receive my spirit; and if it be thy will,
 “ make death as easy to me as thou can’st; but if it
 “ be thy will that I shall longer abide in this misery,
 “ thy will be done.” In this manner she lay till
 near six o’clock in the morning, at which time,
 turning her head on one side to her pillow, she
 breathed her last, and her soul into the arms of
 her Saviour, without one sob or groan, sweetly
 sleeping in Jesus.

She was fifteen years of age about the time she
 died; was buried under her father’s pew: her fu-
 neral sermon was preached on the 1st verse of the
 lxiid Psalm, in which psalm she exceedingly de-
 lighted, and would call it her psalm, often sing-
 ing it in her sickness; and this first verse, setting
 out in a lively manner the very frame and temper
 of her heart, was thought a subject fit to be treated
 on, that others might be stirred up by her example
 to seek after God, and get an interest in him as *their*
God, as she did.



EPITAPH on Miss SUSANNA TURNER,

By her BROTHER.

NOW take thy rest, dear faint, in thy cold bed;
For, though to heav'n thy precious soul is fled,
Thy body here shall not neglected lie,
But be preserv'd by God's most watchful eye.
Wait but a while, that thou may'st be refin'd,
And thou shalt rise, and leave thy dross behind:
Grace made thee lovely, and admir'd by all;
And sure, since Grace adorn'd thee, Glory shall.

*Extracts from Mr. NEWTON's Letters to
his Niece, Mrs. TURNER.*

‘ THE Lord make haste to help and comfort
 ‘ you under the heavy burthen that is come
 ‘ upon you, having had a singular and choice
 ‘ affection to that beloved child of yours, whom
 ‘ yet love hath taken from you. Our bit-
 ‘ tereft trials do not only stand with love, but
 ‘ come from it. *As many as I love, I rebuke and*
 ‘ *chasten*; thus I rebuke and chasten you, because
 ‘ I love you. That looks to me more like a pro-
 ‘ mise than a threatening, *If they keep not my com-*
 ‘ *mandments, I will visit their iniquity with a rod,*
 ‘ *and their transgression with stripes.* I will not visit
 ‘ others, but let them take their own course, and
 ‘ say, concerning them, Let them alone; but I
 ‘ will surely visit you that are mine. But that which
 ‘ follows is a promise with a witness: *Nevertheless,*
 ‘ *my loving-kindness I will not utterly take from*
 ‘ *them, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.* David was
 ‘ sensible of this, and therefore, in the heat of his
 ‘ affliction, confesseth thankfully to God, *I know,*
 ‘ *oh Lord! that thy judgements are just, and that*
 ‘ *of very faithfulness thou hast caused me to be in*
 ‘ *trouble.* Oh! my dear cousin, when the rod is
 ‘ on, and the loving-kindness off, this is dolefull
 ‘ indeed; but when the rod and loving-kind-
 ‘ ness go together, the one afflicts, and the other
 ‘ supports; the one saddens, and the other
 ‘ sweetens.

‘ I hope you have seen the light side of the
 ‘ cloud, as well as the dark ; and that the Lord,
 ‘ who, as a father, pitieth his own children, hath
 ‘ dropt some sweetness into this bitter cup of yours ;
 ‘ and that he will in time expound his providences
 ‘ to you, and let you see his ways and doings, and
 ‘ comfort you concerning all the evils he hath
 ‘ done to you. Suppose you hear him saying to you,
 ‘ What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt
 ‘ know hereafter.

‘ I am sensible enough, that you have lost a dear
 ‘ child ; but I assure myself, that you have kept
 ‘ a dearer father : shake up your soul, and say,
 ‘ Why art thou cast down, Oh my soul ! and why
 ‘ art thou disquieted within me ? still God is my
 ‘ God, though the child be no longer my child :
 ‘ yet God is my own God, that will not serve me
 ‘ as the child did : and thou, my soul, to be dis-
 ‘ quieted, having a God, and such a God, to trust
 ‘ to ! what an unreasonable thing is this ! what doth
 ‘ a God serve for ! Oh, do not make it to appear,
 ‘ by your behaviour under this affliction, that the
 ‘ lost child was dearer to you than the God that
 ‘ stays with you, and will abide with you for ever !
 ‘ The heavenly and sweet expressions that dropt
 ‘ from her, near her end, were left behind to com-
 ‘ fort you. The Lord, I make no doubt, intended
 ‘ them for your cordials, that you might not be
 ‘ swallowed up of overmuch sorrow.

‘ Dear cousin, live upon them, let them be
 ‘ meat

' meat to faith in a wilderness condition : the cup
 ' was bitter, but the Lord was graciously pleased
 ' to put this sugar in the bottom of it. Now your
 ' dear child is gone, oh ! let the too-much love she
 ' had from you come in to him who can never have
 ' too much, who will never disappoint you as
 ' creature-comforts used to do, but give down a
 ' full return of all the love that you can lay out
 ' upon him, pressed down, and running over. The
 ' Lord in mercy bring this little home to your
 ' heart ; and when other comforts fail you, let not
 ' the consolations of his Spirit (who is the Com-
 ' forter) be small to you, as if they would not work
 ' alone, or would do nothing of themselves. The
 ' Lord preserve you in that blessed frame of sweet
 ' and humble submission and resignation to God, and
 ' acquiescence in him, and earnest longings after
 ' him, in whom alone your happiness and comfort
 ' lies. When you have tired yourself among these
 ' lower vanities, and met with nothing else but
 ' disappointments and vexation, this must be your
 ' last refuge ; you must take up with God, and
 ' say as David, *Return unto thy rest, oh my soul ; for*
 ' *the Lord hath dealt very bountifully with thee.*

' You must labour to live without those com-
 ' forts which God thinks not fit to allow you : they
 ' are not immortal ; but God is. You have yet
 ' many blessings about you ; but what if the Lord
 ' should come and strip you of them all in one day,
 ' as he did Job, would you do as Job did ?

' Dear cousin, the same degree of grace that
 ' will

' will serve you in a calm, will not serve you in a
 ' storm: then you must have strong anchor-hold,
 ' or you may drive and split. The good Lord
 ' furnish you with such a stock of grace and might,
 ' in the inner man, that, being tried, you may
 ' make your strength to appear.

' Dear cousin, I cannot but sympathize in your
 ' sorrows, and your comforts; you are not alone
 ' in the one, or the other: you are forced to leave
 ' your dear daughter in a far better place and con-
 ' dition than you could ever have provided for her:
 ' her sorrow is turned into joy; and therefore so
 ' let your's also. I find by your last, that God is
 ' quickly making up the breach that he had lately
 ' made upon you: He throws in a piece of sugar
 ' soon after your bitter potion; he will not leave
 ' you comfortless: he knows your frame, and
 ' therefore will not always chide; neither will he
 ' keep his anger for ever.

' We have a very good father—oh that we were
 ' better children! You have heard of the patience
 ' of Job, and what end the Lord made; that end
 ' was all comfort. I hope the Lord will look on
 ' your affliction, and do you good for all the evil
 ' you have lately suffered; that he will let you see
 ' his ways and doings, and comfort you for all
 ' the evil he hath done to you.

' I wish you, and my dear cousin your daughter,
 ' all imaginable joy in the business which is now up-
 ' on the wheel, and which I hope will turn to your
 ' full

' full satisfaction: let the special blessing of God
 ' be upon it, that the remembrance of it may be
 ' always sweet to all that are concerned in it: but
 ' yet let it not be forgotten, that creature comforts
 ' have a mixture in them (we may thank our sin
 ' for that) so that it usually falleth out, that they
 ' are sweeter in expectation than in the fruition.
 ' Well-tempered joys are the most lasting.

' The surest evidence that afflictions come from
 ' love, is when they have such effects as the quiet
 ' fruits of righteousness: these make the rod
 ' (which else would scarce be tolerable) comfortable
 ' to us. The rod comforts, as well as the staff;
 ' and then it comforts us indeed, when we per-
 ' ceive it to be managed by a gracious father's
 ' hand for our good and our advantage, that we can
 ' say as David did in this and that respect,
 ' *I find it good that I have been afflicted.* Then may
 ' we say, *Return to thy rest, oh my soul; for the*
 ' *Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee:* though very
 ' bitterly, yet very bountifully. *Oh! blessed are*
 ' *they that have the Lord for their God!*

' Dear cousin, let us sit down satisfied in our
 ' all-sufficient portion: let him take what he will
 ' from us, while he gives us Himself."

A few months after Miss Susanna Turner's death, Mrs. Turner lost another Daughter; upon which she made

The following P O E M.

A DREADFULL storm again alarms my heart,
 And fills with fear and trembling ev'ry part.
 How can I live, when God doth thus contend,
 And takes, by death, my child, my joy, my friend;
 My dear familiar, in whose sweet converse
 I plac'd much of my earthly happiness?
 My case is hard, and bitter is my cup;
 But yet my God will have me drink it up.
 How sudden was this change! when, just before,
 In Achor's valley, Hope set wide the door,
 And whilst we joy'd for a sweet infant's breath,
 Were forc'd to mourn for the dear mother's death.
 Can there two passions, rais'd within one breast,
 Afford a minute's ease, a moment's rest?
 So says my flesh—But, Lord! what says my heart?
 The spirit's willing, tho' the rod doth smart.
 I have no reason but to take all well;
 Tho' this be trouble, yet it is not hell.
 How can I stick at any thing for God,
 Who with much love doth sweeten still the rod?
 His love to her whose loss I now bewail
 Did speed her way to glory with full sail:
 He knew her frame more tender than to bear
 The boist'rous storms she must have met with here;

Her

Needs must the drooping soul again revive,
Whom never-failing mercy keeps alive.

That promise, made to David and his seed,
Shall still stand good, tho' we for sin may bleed.

Is the same, and doth correct in love ;
His loving-kindness never shall remove.

Broach but that wine which in the promise lies,
And sparkling comfort will from thence arise ;
Refreshing streams will from this fountain glide
Into the soul, as none can give beside.

Why should our hearts be troubled, or afraid,
Or any terror make us much dismay'd ?

The Gen'ral of the field, that leads us on,
Is still the Captain of Salvation :

In his own arms He surely holds us fast,
And brings us off with honour at the last.

He knew our frame, how little we could bear,
And therefore left us to his Father's care,

Whose word we have that he will never fail,
Nor suffer hell against us to prevail.

In fire and water He will with us be,
And from the hurt of either set us free.

When we, like burning bushes all on fire,
Are not consum'd, with Moses we admire.

But 'tis no wonder that poor shrubs so stand,
That are upheld by God's own mighty hand.

To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee be all the praise ;
Mercy and truth are still in all thy ways.

'Tis well our stock of strength is all from Thee ;
For, else, what broken merchants should we be !

Our

Her meek and quiet spirit was more fit
 For that calm region where she now doth sit.
 Here she did shine with virtues of the mind,
 Not apt to change or turn with ev'ry wind ;
 But constant unto death she kept her pace,
 And, having run out this her Christian race,
 In heaven's bright orb she now a lustre gives,
 And with her husband Christ securely lives ;
 Whose sweet embraces so refresh her mind,
 She knows no want of what she left behind.
 What should I more desire, or could I crave,
 (When all the world can't ransom from the grave)
 But that thy soul should mount and clap its wing,
 Got from its fetters, raise its note, and sing
 It's heavenly strains, with joy that 'tis set free?
 Such is the hope I have, dear child, in thee.
 How is it, Lord, that one so weak as I
 Should still survive, and should not sink and die?
 The burdens I have lately undergone
 I have before e'en quak'd to think upon.
 'Tis not at all from any power in me,
 But from the strength that I receive from thee.
 No greater coward ever took the field ;
 At every stroke I'm ready still to yield,
 But that thou send'st in cordials ev'ry day,
 And stay'st my heart, which else would faint away.
 Immediately thy succours do me aid
 With fresh supplies, when I am most afraid.
 Oft have I heard of thy almighty power ;
 But now I live upon it every hour :

Leaking vessels soon would want supply,
 And not fresh streams run in continually
 From Thee, our rock, to fill up that defect :
 Thy love doth cure, where justice might reject.
 Sharp trials then can never do us harm :
 Who hath thy heart, shall never want thy arm.
 Where then, oh ! where, for refuge shall I flee,
 All my agonies, but unto Thee ?
 Those that do themselves to Thee apply
 Thou'lt strength to give, but no strength to deny.

THE END.



